



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS.

VOL. I.

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Poetry for the Hour.

Thus with the Lord, I offer Thee Three Things:

In poisonous dens, where traitors hide
Like jets that start the day,
While all the land our banners claim,
Is sweating blood and breathing flame,
Dead to their country's woe and shame,
The recreant whippersnapper!

In peaceful homes, where patriot fires
On Love's own altar glow,
The mother hides her trembling fear,
The wife, the sister, checks a tear,
To breathe the parting word of cheer,
Soldier of Freedom, God!

In halls where luxury lies at ease,
And Mammon keeps his state,
Where flatterers fawn and sycophants crouch,
The dreamer, startled from his couch,
Wings a few counters from his pouch,
And murmurs faintly, Wait!

In weary camps, on trampled plains
That ring with life and drum,
The battling host, whose harness gleams
Along the crimson-flowing streams,
Calls, like a warning voice in dreams,
We wait you, Brother! Come!

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do—
To go, to wait, to stay!
Sons of the Freedom-loving town,
Hells of the Freedom-loving town,
The servile yoke, the civic crown,
Await your choice to-day!

The stake is laid! O gallant youth
With yet untried brow,
If Heaven should lose and Hell should win,
On whom shall lie the mortal sin,
Whose record is, it might have been?
God calls you—answer Now.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ADVENTURES OF A SANDUSKY BOY.

TAKING IN THE REBELS—RECAPITULATION OF THE NEGROES, &c., &c.

We are permitted to publish the following interesting particulars of the adventures of a young German in Secession, as related in a private letter from another Sandusky in the army. We publish it as related, for the reason that it will be best appreciated in that shape:

BRIDGEPORT, ALA., Aug. 7, 1862.

The most interesting topic at present is the adventures of a Sandusky boy on the other side of the river. His name is John Teshner. He is of German descent, and lived right opposite the Townsend House, near the meat market. He left Sandusky about the 6th of May, 1862: to Cincinnati with Levi Hunter, and there got a situation in a jeweler's shop. He stayed in Cincinnati a few days and then hired as division teamster and went to Louisville; then to Nashville, and there took a team. He drove the team as far as Huntsville; there enlisted in the 2d Ohio Infantry, and went with his regiment up to Stone Mountain, where his company (F) was detailed to guard knapsacks while the balance of the regiment went on up to Bridgeport, expecting a battle. The company, while at Stone Mountain, would be in the country for black-berran. One day while on their way back to the bridge of the river and farther than the rest, while busily engaged in picking blackberries, six bushwhackers came on to him suddenly and commanded him to surrender. They surrounded him and told him he must come along with them. He wanted to know if they hadn't better have a half a dozen more to guard him. They told him to "dry up," or they would shoot him. He was more guarded in his conversation during the balance of the journey. They marched him down to the river and took him over in a skiff and delivered him over to Col. Russell of the Patterson Rangers, commanding the post. Col. Russell quizzed him some, and required him to take the oath never to bear arms against the Southern Confederacy again. He refused to take the oath.

The following conversation occurred.
Col. Russell: "Well, young man, what regiment do you belong to?"
Teshner: "I belong to the 2d Ohio Volunteers."

Col.: "How long have you been in the service?"
T.: "About two weeks."

Col.: "What did you join the d—d Yankees for, and what is your object in fighting against us?"
T.: "We are fighting to sustain our Government, that peace and happiness may exist as it did previous to this war."

Col.: "It ain't so. You are fighting to free our negroes and to create insurrection here in the South. Now I want you to take the oath never to bear arms against us; if you refuse, I will be under the necessity of stringing you up."

T.: "Colonel, our officers, when they catch any of your men without arms, do not hang them, but keep them as prisoners of war until they get a chance to exchange me. I want you to keep me and exchange me."

A prominent citizen (Caperton) now stepped up and had a long conversation with the Colonel, he (the citizen) agreed to take Teshner and take him into his family and try and change his ideas of 'matters and things.' Caperton took 'our hero' to his plantation and introduced him to his family, which consisted of a wife, three daughters (one married and two single), one son, (he has three, two in the army). The citizens came from far and near to see Teshner and took great interest in him. The Caperton family took great pains in him and tried to get him to think as they did; the old woman would be so affected sometimes, while talking to him, as to shed tears. The girls were also greatly 'taken up' with him. He had everything his own way, they gave him the plantation to take care of, everything was entrusted to his care; the negroes were his friends and he would communicate all valuable information in regard to the rebels to him. He would write all the news thus obtained to our officers. He would write a letter and give it to the negroes, and they would take it across the river in the night and hand it to our pickets. In this manner Johnny (Teshner) communicated a great deal of valuable information to our officers, but our officers did not pay much attention to it. Several times Johnny went down to the river and hollered over information in the Hungarian and German languages, but he never found any one that could answer him.

Our hero lived at the highest notch, had everything that the heart could desire, had negroes to fan him and get him anything he might desire, the folks almost worshiped him, and if they had anything extra about the house, he must have the lion's share.

There was a watchmaker lived near Caperton's house, who had the requisite tools and material to start a jeweler shop, but had no workman, and our Johnny worked for him a while. He would make rings, bracelets, chains, &c., for him, which pleased him very much, and Herman (the watchmaker) told him if he would stay with him, he would pay him large wages, and would let him have charge of the store entirely.

Johnny's great object was to communicate the movements of the guerrillas to our officers, which he did, by the aid of negroes, and which, if our officers had heeded, they would have succeeded in capturing a great many of them.

Col. Gunter commanded these marauding bands of guerrillas.

One time Col. Gunter was sent for by one of the citizens on this side of the river to come over and take some Yankees that were going to take his cattle from him. Teshner sent this information over to our officers, but they did not pay any attention to it. If they had they could have captured every one of the guerrillas.

The result was that the guerrillas routed the Yankees, (a party of the 3d Ohio Cavalry), killing two or three and taking a few trophies. The guerrillas reported this to Johnny as a great victory, and one of the trophies that Col. Gunter took they seemed to rejoice a great deal over. It was a cavalryman's sword. The Colonel would put it on and put on the "agony." One day he asked Johnny if he did not think it was a handsome one. Johnny quietly remarked that it was a private Union soldier's sword.

The farmers had all of their provisions concealed. The negroes would tell Teshner where they were. They also had their gold and silver buried, and the negroes they would tell where it was when enough Yankees came over to take it—not before.

One day Johnny found out, by aid of the negroes, that Col. Gunter had some important dispatches about his person. That same evening he (Gunter) came to Caperton's house to stay all night. Johnny gave him a room next to his room, and when he commenced snoring, the negro (Johnny's partner) went into his room and got his pants and handed them out to Johnny. Johnny took out the dispatch and handed the pants back. The dispatch was to Col. Russell, commanding him to send in Brazz at Chattanooga 400 men to guide his army through East Tennessee. They were men that were acquainted with the country through East Tennessee. The object was to go up to Nashville and cut our train off and starve us out. Their forces are as follows: 80,000 at Chattanooga, under Bragg; 60,000 old troops from Richmond, and 20,000 new recruits; 14,000 under Gen. Smith; 10,000 opposite Battle Creek and 4,000 opposite here;—making 94,000 in all. Their plan was for Bragg and Smith to attack in the neighborhood of Nashville, and Beauregard (after he recruits his health, now at Mobile) to attack us at this point.

After they (Johnny and the negro) had obtained this dispatch, they concluded they would take up the "line of march" for the river in safety, but had some difficulty in obtaining a boat. They managed to steal one, however, and had proceeded about half way across the river before they were discovered. They were pursued; the night was very dark, and the rebels were guided only by the sound of the oars. The rebels gained on our boys; at one time they were so close to "our boat" that they could almost reach it with their hands, and one of the rebels was in the act of catching hold of the boat, when the negro shot him. He dropped dead in the water, and while the rebels were picking him up, our boat gained considerably on them. The chase continued for about ten miles down

the river, when our hero landed on our side of the river and left the negro with the canoe. Johnny reached our pickets about daylight. He was conducted by them to Col. Harker, who heard his story and gave him a pass to Huntsville. He went to Huntsville; saw Gen. Buell; gave him the stolen dispatch; told his story, &c. Buell was very much interested with him and said he would remember him when the war was over.

Johnny is with our regiment now, and in fine spirits. He is on his way to his regiment, which is up at Battle Creek.

This is a very imperfect account of his adventures. He had a bully time. I have not related a quarter of the incidents.—*Sandusky Register.*

All Sorts of Good Reading.

"A Letter as is a Letter."

The Boston Post has the following Mark Tapley species of letter (Dated Camp Gunpowder, Army of the Potomac) from one of its correspondents:—"Dear Messrs. Editors, Billy Briggs and I still remain in the army. The other morning I was standing by my tent curtain. 'Hand me them scabbards, Jimmy,' said he. 'Scabbards?' said I looking round. 'Yes, boots, I mean.' Billy arranged himself in his scabbards—a dilapidated pair of fashionable boots—and stood up in a very erect and dignified manner. 'Those boots of mine, I don't think were any relation to that beef we had for dinner to-day, Jimmy,' said he. 'No,' said I. 'If they were only as tough as that beef, and vice versa, it would have been better.' 'I say, Cradle,' he looked out, 'where are you?' Cradle was a contraband, a genuine dandy, with a foot of extraordinary length and extra heel to match, giving him a queer look about those extremities. 'What do you call him Cradle for, Billy?' said I; 'that's a queer name.' 'What would you call him, Jimmy?' If he ain't a cradle, what's he put on rockers for? Cradle appeared with a pair of perforated stockings. 'It's no use,' said Billy, looking at them. 'Them stockings will do for to put on a shoe throat, but they won't do for feet. It's a humiliation for a man like me to be without stockings; a man may be bald-headed, and it's galled, but to be bare-footed is ruinous. The sleeves is good, too; he added, thoughtfully, 'but the feet are gone. There is something about the heels of stockings and the elbows of stove-pipes in this world, that is, all wrong, Jimmy.' A supply of stockings had come that day, and were just being given out; a pair of very large ones fell to Billy's lot. Billy held them up before him. 'Jimmy,' said he, 'those are pretty bags to give a little fellow like me. Them stockings were knit for the President or a young gorilla, certain; and he was about to bestow them upon Cradle when a soldier in the opposite predicament made an exchange. 'Them stockings made me think of the Louisiana volunteer I scared so the other day,' said Billy. 'How's that?' said I. 'He was among our prisoners, and saw a big pair of red leggings, with feet hanging up before a tent. He never said a word till he saw the leggings, and then he asked me what they were for. 'Them,' said I, 'these are General Banks' stockings.' He looked scared. 'He's a big man, is General Banks,' said I; 'but then he ort to be, the way he lives.' 'How?' said he. 'Why,' said I, 'his regular diet is bricks battered with mortar.' The next day Billy got a present of a pair of stockings from a lady; a nice soft pair with his initials in red silk upon them. He was very happy. 'Jimmy, said he, 'just look at them,' and he smoothed them down with his hand—marked with my initials, too. 'B' for my Christian and 'W' for my heart's name. How kind! They came just in the right time, too; I've got such a sore heel; for it's a fact, Jimmy, that if there's anything in life worse than unrequited love, it's a sore heel.' Orders came to 'fall in.' Billy was so overjoyed with his new stockings he didn't keep the line very well. 'Steady, there,' growled the sergeant, 'keep your place, and don't be traveling round like the Boston Post Office.' We were soon put upon double-quick. After a few minutes Billy gave a groan. 'What is it, Billy?' said I. 'It's all up with them,' said he. 'I didn't know what he meant, but his face showed something very bad had happened. When we broke ranks, Billy hurried to the tent, and when I got there, he stood, the very picture of despair, with his shoes off, and his heels shining through his stockings like two crockery door-knobs. 'Them new stockings of yours is breech-loading, ain't they, Billy?' said an unfeeling volunteer. 'Better get your name on both ends, so you can keep them together,' said another. 'Shoddy stockings,' said a third. Billy was silent; I saw his heart was breaking, and I said nothing. We held a council on them, and Billy, not feeling strong-headed enough for the task, gave them to Cradle with directions to sew up the small holes. I came into the tent soon after, and he was drawing a portrait, with a piece of charcoal on a board. 'That's a good portrait of Fremont,' said I; 'he looks just like that; that's the way he parts his hair, in the middle.' 'That isn't a portrait of Fremont,' said Billy; 'it's a map of the United States; that line in the middle you thought was the upper part of his hair, is the Mississippi River.' 'Oh!' said I. I saw him again before supper; he came to me, looking worse than ever, the stockings in his hand. 'Jimmy,' said he, 'you know I gave them to Cradle and told him to sew up the small holes, and what do you think he's done? He's gone and sewed up the heads.' 'It's a hard case, Jimmy,' said I; 'in such a case tears are almost justifiable.'"

"Brave Phil Kearney."

On Monday night the brave and brilliant General Philip Kearney fell by the hands of an enemy he had often confronted, and by whom his heroic life had often been sought. The announcement of his death was made on Wednesday morning, and a general feeling of sorrow was occasioned, for the people had learned to love one who held his life so cheaply, and who was everywhere the gallant soldier. Before noon, however, we learned directly from General Kearney's family that a dispatch from a member of his staff stated that he was wounded and a prisoner. This mistake probably arose from the peculiar manner of the General's disappearance, particulars of which may be found in another column. General Kearney was a native of New York, and was about forty-eight years of age. His family have resided in New Jersey since 1710, when his great grandfather settled in Monmouth county. His father died about 1849, leaving but two children, General Kearney and Susan Watts, wife of Major Alexander Macomb, late of the U. S. army. Mrs. Macomb died some years since General Kearney's grandfather was the Hon. John Watts, founder of the Leke and Watts orphan house in this city, at whose instance he entered the profession of the law.

He was appointed in 1837 and officer of dragoons. In the Mexican war he was sent abroad to inspect the armies of Europe. During the Mexican war Kearney's cavalry squadron was the pride of the service and he became known for his dashing qualities, as our "Mural." At the very gates of the city of Mexico his left arm was carried away by a cannon ball. For his gallantry in Mexico, General Kearney received the highest commendations. After the war Kearney traveled awhile, and during his stay abroad he took a hand in the Algerian war, and was aide-camp at Solferino to a French marshal. He resigned his commission in our army in 1861.

When the present war broke out he was in France. He returned at once and offered his services to the country, which created him a Brigadier General of volunteers, on the 17th of May, 1861. It was soon suggested that he have a division, but he had no time to "cool his heels" in the ante-chambers of those in power, and the stars passed to other shoulders. A few weeks since, however, he received the commission of a Major General having fairly won it on the bloody fields of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, White Oak Swamp, Cross Roads and Malvern Hill, and having proved his title to it by his more recent achievements on the Potomac.

In many of the celebrated actions of this war, Gen. Kearney has been especially conspicuous and distinguished. On the peninsula his splendid division was in almost every fight, and everywhere the fighting Phil. Kearney, with his single arm, was a terror to the foe. He required all of his division to wear a bit of red flannel in their caps, so that they might be known and that he might know them. He always led his men in person, and never allowed the front of the battle to get much ahead of him. His soldiers have a thousand stories to tell of his bravery, and of the incessant efforts of the enemy to take the life of one so drenched in the single-armed General, whose voice rang out in the roar of battle, and who always sought the thickest of the fray.

Rebel prisoners always desired to see him, for in the roar of battle he had often passed so swiftly before their astonished eyes, and had so often laughed at the shots of their best men, that he seemed to combine at once the character of invulnerability and alacrity.

A splendid officer, a fighting general, a brave soldier, a patriotic citizen—all these qualities united in Philip Kearney, who has thus set the seal of his life as his attestation of the inestimable value of the cause for which he struggled and fell. Thousands of devoted men will strive to avenge his death upon the cruel foe.—*N. Y. Com.*

West and the Nigger.

Mr. West was a member of the Legislature, and during the last winter some 40,000 people of Ohio petitioned for a law to keep negroes out of the State. A bill was prepared for this purpose, and West voted against it. For the need of such a law, Ohio is now filling up with negroes. Every day adds to their number. They come to beg, to steal, to live off the charity of the industries; or they come to compete with the white laborer, the white mechanic in his toil, to reduce his wages, and drive him out of employ.

We hold that no man who is not a nigger-worshiper and an enemy to the white race, would have voted as West did. And no man who is not an enemy with his own best interests, and those of his children, will give West his vote.

Let it be understood by the people, that every vote for West is a vote to Nigerize Ohio; a vote to pollute every city, and village, and neighborhood, with hordes of worthless, idle, vagabond negroes. All who want more negroes, ought to vote for West; and they will doubtless do so.

On the other hand, all who believe that Ohio should be preserved for the white man, and kept free as possible from the presence of the negroes, ought to vote for Frank McKinney. Frank McKinney is the white man's candidate.—*Logan Gazette.*

The Cincinnati Commercial says the Hon.

Garrett Davis has a plan of operations that the correspondent says will bag the rebels in this State if carried out. We had rather see the rebels carried out than the plan.—*Logan.*

General Sigel.

Gen. Sigel has shown us on the Potomac, as he did at Pea Ridge, some of the most superb fighting and adroit tactics which have been seen since the war began. There is no praise too high for his brilliant generalship. We copy from the Post a few brief words which attempt to do him justice. Gen. McClellan will not fail to put him where his genius can have free play:

It will be remembered by our readers that he had just come up from the Rappahannock, where he had for four days held the advance under a heavy fire, and where, too, he had displayed marked traits of generalship, such as have rarely been shown in this war. For two days he had been upon the march, and then, after a rest of only four hours, he again took the advance in the most momentous struggle which our arms have waged with rebellion.

No precaution was overlooked by him which might guard against defeat or insure success. The general was not miles in the rear, ready to come up only after the engagement was over, to congratulate his troops on their success and to pen a brilliant dispatch; he was on the field, acquainting himself with every important position; and long before the light could reveal his operations to a will foe, every battery was stationed under his own eye and by his own direction. The enemy received no warning save that given by the roar of Sigel's artillery. The advance was not made at random; scouts were sent out in every direction; and all day long they went forth and returned to their general, who found time for caution even in the utmost fury of the contest. His march was rapid, but at every step his troops were under cover of their artillery. When the enemy was engaged, his battalions were brought up in perfect order, and precisely at the time and place they were most needed. Under such leadership there was no faltering. By skillful management one brigade relieved another, and nothing was lost by delay. At night, although the enemy had fought under cover of the woods, we had gained upon his position and held the advantage.

Facts Concerning the Army.
According to an army of 600,000 men, drawn up in single ranks, they would present a front of 227 miles, allowing two feet per man, which would be rather close packing.

Arranged in the form of a hollow square they would inclose an area of 2,080,000 acres, which is about the average extent of our Ohio counties.

Giving each man a weight of 50 lbs. of musket, equipments, etc., to carry, and this army on the march will take 15,000 tons weight.

Allowing two lbs. of food per diem to each man, they will consume 600 tons daily. Estimating a ton to a load it would require 600 teams to draw a day's rations, and if they drink two quarts per day they consume 4,800 hogheads. As a ration is estimated at 30 cents the cost of feeding this army would be \$5,400,000 per month.

Just Tribute to a Hero.
Yesterday, as we were about writing a paragraph suggesting the presentation of a sword to Capt. H. N. Atkinson, for the noble and successful defense by himself and his twenty men, against one thousand guerrillas, at Edgefield Junction on the 20th inst., a gentleman stepped in to inform us that the loyal citizens of this place had anticipated us by purchasing an elegant and beautifully finished sword to be presented to the gallant soldier. The sword is to bear this inscription:

"TO CAPT. H. N. ATKINSON,
For Valor Displayed,
August 20, 1862."

A most appropriate inscription, and a tribute most richly deserved by the actions of Capt. Atkinson. May he long be spared to win still brighter honors in the service of his country, which now points to him as a bright example to all his brethren in arms.

Horace Greeley and A. Lincoln—Their Correspondence.

Horace—A. Lincoln open your ears and pay attention. There are twenty millions of men, women and children in great and deadly peril, and here are their twenty million screams all combined in one.

Abraham—Hello, Horace! what's up?
Horace—You must attend to your business get rid of your counsellors, take my advice, abolish slavery, and go in for exterminating the rebels, or the country's all gone to the d—!

Abraham—Well, if so be that, in this war, slavery must come down, then slavery will come down; but if so be that, in this war, slavery mustn't come down, then slavery won't come down. There you have it—wisdom in solid chunks.

Horace—You twenty millions scream on. [Exit Horace, down in the mouth].—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Good Card.
In my absence (being Mail Agent on the river), Mr. Wilkes, Sr., near the corner of Green and Seventh streets, waited on my wife this morning and informed her that the small American flag over my door was offensive to some of my neighbors, and that he wished it taken down. The object of this card is to inform Mr. Wilkes that I am his tenant; that I pay said Wilkes his rent; and that I have taken down the little flag and raised two large ones in its stead; and if my neighbors feel aggrieved at the change, all they have to do is to come and take the flags of my blessed country down.

C. C. GERRY, Mail Agent.
Louisville, Sept. 4, 1862.
[That man is not so very "green," for all his flags won't come down.—Ed.]

Nell Gwynn's First Love.

"My first love, you must know, was a link boy." "A what?" "Is true," said she, "for all the frightfulness of your 'what' and a very good soul he was, too, poor Dick! and had the heart of a gentleman. God knows what has become of him; but when I last saw him he said he would humbly love me to his dying day. He used to say that I must have a lord's daughter for my beauty, and that I ought to ride in my coach, and behaved to me as if I did. He, poor boy, would light me and my mother home, when we had sold our oranges, to our lodgings in Lawkenor's Lane, as if we had been ladies of the land. He said he never felt easy for the evening till he had asked me how I did; then he went gaily about his work, and if he saw us honest at night he slept like a prince. I never shall forget when he came flinching and stammering, and drew out of his pocket a pair of worsted stockings which he had brought for my naked feet. It was bitter cold weather, and I had chilblains, which made me huddle about till I cried; and what does poor Richard do but work hard like a horse, and buy me these worsted stockings? My mother bade him put them on; and so he did, and his warm tears fell on my chilblains, and he said he should be the happiest lord on earth if the stockings did me any good." This anecdote seems to have escaped the notice of biographers of "pretty, witty Nell," as Pepps calls her.

West and the Soldier.
PENNSYLVANIA, and other States, provided by special law, that their soldiers, wherever they might be, should be permitted to vote, and their votes certified and returned to the counties in which they enlisted.

It was proposed in the Legislature of Ohio to provide, by a similar enactment, that the soldiers of our State should be permitted to vote. This measure was opposed by West.

Keep it before every man, whose son or brother, or friend is in the army, that that son, brother, or friend, is disfranchised, declared out to vote, by the Republican Legislature, and that West aided by voice and vote in his disfranchisement. Ought such a man to receive support? We say no.—*Logan Gazette.*

A SECESSIONIST SLAPPED BY A WOMAN.—We are informed of a rich scene which took place at Carp River during the last trip down, of the propeller Racine. Among the numerous passengers was a Johnny Bull, who made himself obnoxious, by giving vent from time to time to sentiments bordering on secession. At Carp River the propeller stopped, and many of the passengers got off. A fine specimen of the American Eagle was on exhibition there, and a number of the lady passengers went to look at it. While they were admiring the noble bird, Johnny Bull advanced, and adjusting his eye glass said in rude scorn, "That's a d—d pretty looking bird; the British Lion will yet wring his neck, you know." One of the ladies in the company, wrought to fierce indignation by the insolent remark of the fellow, stepped up to him and gave him a ringing slap in the face with her open hand, and told him if he dared to repeat his remark she would whip him on the spot. The secessionist slunk away amid the cheers of the women for the Eagle's champion.—*Cleveland Leader.*

"CAY SECESSION LIKE THE DEVIL."—A Perry county gentleman informs that he met a "Union" (?) man from Spencer county, last week, who accosted him in language something like this:

"How are things going politically up in Perry county?"
"All for the Union in Perry county," said our informant. "How is it in Spencer?"
"Well, we have some Union down here in Spencer, and I am afraid the d—d Democrats are going to beat us this fall; our chances of defeating them is to cry secession like the d—!"

Such is doubtless to be the programme throughout the State.—*Cincinnati (Ind.) Republican.*

The following is a good story about a clergyman who lost his horse one Saturday evening. After hunting in company with a boy until after midnight he gave up in despair. The next day somewhat dejected at his loss, he went to the pulpit, and took for his text the following from Job:

"Oh, that I knew where I might find him."
The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of his thoughts, cried out:

"I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn."

Tax good old flag will not be lowered to the rebel upstart! The labor, the enterprise, the activity, the energy, the valor of the North, will not succumb to the mock-federal aristocracy of the South, and its tattered remains. The progress of civilization, which has destroyed feudal tenures on the continent of Europe, and weakened them in England, cannot be arrested by Lee and Jackson; and America, which in her very cradle has waged war against the feudal barbarism of Europe, will not allow its bastard brother in Virginia and South Carolina to defile her historical records.

When events so turn up under any form of free Government that men may not utter thought as regards the conduct of public affairs, then the essential spirit of freedom is lost. When men under any Government yield the right to criticize the conduct of officials, then they become essentially slaves.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No," said Jack, "she has left that off, and turned ex-pensive."

"I never wonder," says Dean Swift, to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed."

You have been to Canton, haven't you Jack? "Oh yes." "Well, can you speak China?" "Yes a little—that is I speak broken China."

SHATTESBURY observes, that after all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. True features make the beauty of the face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.

A BACKWOODS clergyman having alluded to an anchor, in his discourse, described its use in the following manner: "An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and when a storm arises, they take it on shore and fasten to a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over."

NAPOLEON said, "an army of deers led by a lion, is better than an army of lions led by a deer." It was on the retreat at Moscow that Napoleon uttered the above expression. It referred to Marshal Ney, who, with a handful of men, cut his way through a Russian army and joined Napoleon.

CHARACTERISTICS.—At the recent commencement exercises at Yale College, as the long line of assembled wisdom was entering the church—grave professors, venerable alumni, ambitious graduates, &c.—a "Buckeye," who was present, innocently interrogated, "What regiment is this?"

CANDIDATES for Congress this fall must let the people know whether they wish to go to Congress to support the Government or to attack it. A clear exposition of their views should be demanded by their constituents. Are they for or against the views of the Executive as set forth in his letter to Horace Greeley?

A PATENT should be issued to Horace Greeley for a "policy," showing how to free a slave before you catch him. The invention consists in issuing a proclamation, and is regarded as an ingenious of the Phelps patent, with the Hunter improvement. Rights for sale by Wendell Phillips and the Chicago Tribune.

A YOUNG girl who had become tired of sing-blessedness, wrote to her true strain as follows:

Dear Jim come rite off et you are coming at all. Bill Collins is insinuat' that I shall have to leave him and kisses me so kindly that I can't hold out much longer, but will have 2 kave in.

WHEN MEN NOT ALONE.—When the application of coal gas to the lighting of the streets was first suggested, Sir Walter Scott said: "It can't be done; it is only the dream of a lunatic;" and Sir Humphrey Davy, on being told that the time would come when all London would be lighted with gas, said: "You might as well talk of lighting London with a slice of the moon, as to light it with gas."

A YOUNG soldier, who has been in more than one of the terrible battles of the war, writes as he gazes upon dead comrades, dear to him almost as brothers: "After all, life is of little value compared to honor. I sometimes feel inclined to envy the man who has fallen bravely in a good cause. Truly, 'to die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain.' Thousands around him, in the very face of danger, share this feeling; and with such men meeting the rebellion in the fiercest fights, shall at home shrink from 'standing by the flag' as all hazards?"

THE PRINTING BUSINESS.—The late census returns of manufacturing establishments in New York reveals the astonishing fact that more capital is employed in carrying on the printing trade than in any other business, the amount being over \$8,500,000. Over 6,000 persons are employed in printing, and the various establishments use up about \$5,000,000 worth of raw material, ink, paper, &c., per annum, producing over \$11,000,000 worth of books, papers, &c.

IF THE President and the Generals should attempt to adopt all the different plans for conducting this war that they are censured by the vitriol newspaper warriors for not adopting, heaven only knows what would become of the army, the Union, or anything else. The confusion of tongues are the building of the tower of Babel would be no comparison to the military chaos that the civilian wretches, who are more ready to plan than to fight, would bring upon our country.

BEAT THIS WHO CAN.—Christopher Beckwith, of Huron county, has eleven sons. About a year ago they cast lots to see which one of their number should stay at home. The lot fell to Charles, being the youngest. Thereupon ten enlisted. When the last call was made, Charles, the last of the boys, with the consent of his parents, came to this city and enlisted in Capt. Semple's company, and is off for the war.

The entire family, at last advice, were well and doing good service. Again we say, beat this who can!—*Cleveland Herald.*

TO DO TO OTHERS as we would have them to us, is simple justice though we fancy it vast benevolence. Hence, Confucius' great maxim: "Humanity is the equity of the heart."